The Other Self's Child

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After arriving in England via unknown methods, Black Rock Shooter finds a child in need of someone to care for him. She takes him in without hesitation...but is she truly ready to care for him? [Co-written with marethyutheproxy. Most ideas in this fic are rightfully his.]

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Chapter 1

Rock shook her head and looked around. This was not the Other Realm or Japan. She took in her surroundings, seeing a small fenced in area with a dwelling of some sort in front of her. Not knowing what else to do, she went over to one of the window looking things and peered through.

The pale-skinned woman frowned. Nothing much seemed to be happening...A rather large man was heading towards a small cupboard under a flight of stairs... He threw the cupboard open...And then Rock got a look at what was inside. It was a little boy. He was hurt... BADLY hurt. Why hadn't the man taken him to treat his injuries? Why was he grabbing him so rough-wait...Did he just throw the little boy on the floor? Why was he taking off his belt? Was he...He was hitting the child!

Enough was enough! She felt the familiar blue flame creep over her eye as she formed her gun in Cannon Mode. She proceeded to blast the back door apart and quickly collapsed the weapon. She drew her katana and stepped over the wreckage inside, glaring dangerously at the obese man. Silently, Rock roughly shoved Vernon to the ground and approached the little boy.

Vernon staggered to his feet, scowling at the woman's back...but his face paled when he saw the huge cannon on her arm. He turned from the room and ran. She wanted the freak, she could have him!

Harry cowered at the sight of the woman approaching him. She looked dangerous...With a scared whimper, he tried to drag himself away, but pain shot up his body when he attempted to move. All he could do was sit there and wait for the woman to get him...

Rock frowned and knelt down, unsure how to proceed. She tentatively reached out and stroked the poor boy's cheek. The boy squeaked and jerked away before realizing that she wasn't going to

hurt him. Scooting closer, she picked him up carefully, wary of the numerous injuries upon his frail frame. Hearing a loud wailing noise, she quickly realized that the fat man must have called those police people. Not wanting to leave the child behind, she grabbed a blanket and some food looking things from the kitchen area before running out the large hole in the wall.

Rock ducked into a bush as the police neared. She held her breath as they ran past the bush, and let it all out in a whoosh of air as they passed by her. She took the time to inspect the child's injuries... They were horrible. He was burnt, he was bleeding, he was bruised...Pretty much any form of injury you could think of, it was there.

What was she supposed to do? She crept from the bush and darted across the street. Mato and Miku had something in Japan called a hospital. Maybe this place has something similar with the supplies she needed. Once she got the child fixed, she could concentrate on getting to Japan. This place was too strange for her tastes. Too neat. She made a small face and then looked at the frail child. He had fallen asleep in her arms and was curled up in the blanket she retrieved. It was... cute. At that moment, Rock felt something stir in her chest. It was warm and felt... right. She wrapped the blanket more securely around the child and began her search for a place with medical supplies.

Meanwhile...

Vernon pounded his fist against the side of his armchair.

"I WANT THAT FREAK FOUND!"

"I understand, Mr. Dursley. We'll do everything we can to retrieve your nephew..." Vernon was too into his tirade to listen.

"SHE BREAKS INTO MY HOUSE, MANHANDLES ME, AND STEALS MY PROPERTY! IT'S ALL THAT FREAK HARRY'S FAULT! I SHOULD HAVE STARTED BEATING THE FREAKISHNESS OUT

OF HIM SOONER, THAT NO GOOD MISERABLE EXCUSE FOR A NEPHEW! CAN'T EVEN GET THE BLOODY CHORES RIGHT! HE DESERVED EVERY INJURY I GAVE HIM! I WOULD HOPE THAT B*** KILLS HIM, BUT HE STILL HAS CHORES TO DO! WHEN HE GETS BACK HERE, HE'LL BE LUCKY IF I DON'T KILL HIM MYSE-" It was at this moment that Vernon remembered that he was ranting right in front of five police officers. "...So...erm...You lot care for a spot of tea?"

The officers look at one another. "Oh, we'll find her alright. But only after you have been put behind bars. Let's go Mr. Dursely!"

"No! You don't understand! THAT FREAK IS A WIZARD! HE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS! ARREST HIM AND THAT CRAZY BITCH!"

The officers struggled to restrain him, but after years of abusing Harry, Vernon had grown surprisingly strong.

"Sir calm down! Charles! Call for back up and get the Asylum down here! This guy's gone right loony!" They continued to struggle with him for several minutes until more officers arrived and threw him in the back of a van, slamming the doors shut and sending it off. "Now we just have to find that poor girl with the boy."

Meanwhile...

Rock was getting a little miffed. Where on Earth was the hospital? She needed to get medical attention for the child! Looking down at him, she noticed...that some of his wounds were already healing over? How was that possible? He was in terrible condition before she had found him... Her thoughts were interrupted by the sounds of sirens.

The cops! She mentally kicked herself. How could she have forgotten? She began to sprint, jacket flying out behind her a she raced for a small shed she saw. She couldn't afford to be captured now. Not when this child needed help! She dove into the shed before

the cops saw her. That was too close. As she sat there waiting for night to fall, she fell asleep, arms wrapped tightly around the little boy in a warm, protective embrace.

Chapter 2

The sun rose slowly...and the emerald green eyes of a certain little boy fluttered open. Darkness...That was all he saw...The woman with the cannon was just a dream. Harry was disappointed...She was relatively nice...The way she touched his cheek was soothing...But wait...Why was his cupboard so comfy today? And...was he wrapped up in an actual blanket?

Oh no! Someone had seen him! Uncle Vernon was going to be so mad, if he didn't kill Harry first! He began struggling to escape the blanket, and only succeeded in waking up the woman with the cannon.

Rock jolted to consciousness and after a few moments of confusion, realized that the child seemed to be struggling. Grabbing hold of him before he could injure himself, she wrapped him up in a hug like she had seen Mato give to Yomi. The boy eventually calmed down, but was continuosly murmuring, "Please don't hurt me. Please don't hurt me..."

Rock felt a pain...somewhere inside her chest. Somehow, hearing this child's fear...hurt her. But why? She wished he would stop saying that...She wouldn't hurt him. Why would he make such an assumption? She had to calm him down...

Harry slowly, but surely, relaxed at the calming way he was being held. Whoever it was, they were very warm... As more light found its way into the small shed, he looked up and found himself looking into the eyes of the pretty pale woman who had pushed Vernon. Her expression was stoic, but...somehow, comforting.

Glad that her young charge had finally calmed down, Rock decided to see what was going on outside. No sign of the police people, and the streets seemed to be ipping out of the shed, she headed towards

the metropolitan area she spotted last night. If she wanted to get to Japan, that would be the place.

Harry looked up at the woman carrying him in awe. She hadn't hurt him at all...Why? Didn't she think he was a freak? Freaks deserved beatings, right? So...why wasn't she throwing him in a puddle somewhere to rot? Did she...care? ...No. No one would ever love him. He was a freak. Freaks aren't loved...

"Um...M-Miss?" The woman looked down at him. "Wh-Where are we going?" Rock blinked, then patted his head. He would see soon enough...

Harry relaxed at the touch. He trusted the pretty woman...She'd keep him safe...

Rock eventually came to a stop near a train station. Her eyes widened at the large vehicles. They would be perfect to escape in!

Then, she saw the people handing small slips of paper to a man standing in front of the door to the vehicle and frowned. She deduced that the slips of paper were needed to get on the train, and she currently didn't have one... Perhaps she could find another way of getting on the train...

She looked around carefully, and spotted a large group of people. Maybe she could meld with them and sneak on board. No, to obvious. She eyed the large trunks and noticed that they looked different from the other luggage around her. Where the heck were they going anyway? She decided to get in close and eavesdrop.

"Remind me again why we're moving all the way out to the country?" The female owner of one of the packs of luggage asked her husband. Rock blinked.

The country? She wasn't sure what that was...but by the way the woman was talking about it, she could deduce that it was rather far from where they were now. If she could hide amongst the luggage...

Time for a distraction. She glanced around furtively, before nudging a rich looking man into the wife. In the chaos that ensued, she dove into the largest of trunks with Harry, marveling at the amount of room they had.

Harry looked around the small space he and the woman were enclosed in. It was so dark...It was crowded...Oh god, it was so DARK... Breathing rapidly, Harry latched onto the woman as if she were his final life line, hyperventilating silently and whimpering.

Rock hissed softly in surprise at the sudden pressure. Being able to see perfectly with no light, she looked at her young charge and saw him breathing rapidly. A little to loudly as well. Knowing she couldn't really say anything at the moment, she decided to do something she had done once with Mato. Reaching out, she pulled the child to her and touched her head to his. Instantly, a flood of emotion hit her, the dominate one being fear.

Rock was stunned. She realized that the fat man was responsible for this...He had done something to cause the poor boy to develop a fear of dark and closed-in spaces. He was currently having flashbacks to those horrible times... She felt...she didn't know what it was...but she didn't like it one bit. She wanted the poor child to calm down. What could she do...?

She mentally kicked herself. Light! The poor boy needed a light! She just hope this didn't terrify him. She took a deep breath, and let a trickle of power out, causing her flame to flare up and light the inside of the large trunk with a bluish glow.

Gradually, the little boy's breathing evened out. He was in awe at the pretty blue light that currently engulfed the previously dark space they had been in.

Rock looked down at the child in her arms, and saw him looking at the light she had created, childlike wonder written all over his facial features.

Rock couldn't help but feel an unfamiliar creep into her normally stoic heart. *shudder* Rock jumped as she felt the trunk shift. Then she realized that the commotion had ended and they were being put on the train.

The one carrying the luggage they were in wasn't exactly gentle with the case, as he had very casually tossed it in with all the rest. Harry had Rock to land on, so he was unharmed. Rock, on the other hand, took the brunt of the fall.

She let out a small grunt of pain as sne landed hard on her shoulder. This world hurt! Through the pain, she felt the child begin to shake again. What-? Oh wait, the flame went out. A quick burst of power lit the flame again, instantly soothing tne boy.

Harry looked up at the woman who was holding him, and buried his face into her chest, enjoying the warmth of another person's body.

"Thank you..." He said softly. "Y-You're nice..."

Wordlessly, she wrapped the boy up in a warm hug and they both fell asleep.

time lapse

Rock jolted awake, hearing voices outside the trunk.

"I'm telling you, it's this way!"

"The GPS is saying to turn the other way, and I will trust anything over your sense of direction!"

Rock realized they were in a car with that odd couple.

Rock's eyes widened. This wasn't supposed to happen...She mentally kicked herself for falling asleep on the train. Now what was she to do? She knew these people wouldn't take well to seeing two other people inside their suitcase...She had to figure out a way to get out without being caught...But was there such a way...?

ka-chunk The car hit a large bump, knocking some dust into their faces. She felt herself about to sneeze, and stopped herself in time. Unfortunately, she forgot about the child. He scrunched up his face and let out a childish sneeze. The car came to an abrupt halt.

"Dear, I think there's someone else in the car," the wife whispered.

Rock remained calm. When they opened the trunk, she could simply jump out and make a run for it. There was no way they would be able to catch her... But was there a way to keep them from seeing her face...?

Thinking quickly, she wrapped her jacket around her body and threw up her hood to hide her face the best she could. Then she waited for them to open the trunk...

click As soon as she heard the trunk unlock she slammed it open, knocking the wife over in the process. She jumped out and made a break for a nearby forest. Stars exploded in front of her as something heavy hit the back of her head. She felt her mind slipping. No! She couldn't stop here! She had to get the child to safety! She ran as far and as fast as she could, only stopping when she tripped over a root. She stumbled to her feet, and tried to keep moving. But the world was spinning too fast. She heard a rushing sound, the little boy's frightened cry, and then... nothing.

Chapter 3

Rock's vision spun, as she was still dizzy from the object that had collided with her head. She blinked. What had happened? Why was it so...dark? Where was she?

Harry's small eyes fluttered open, and he sat up. He looked around, noticing that he was no longer with the pale pretty woman in the trunk. In fact, the woman was nowhere to be found. He looked down to notice he was sitting in a soft bush. He looked up to see a medium-sized cliff. Had...he and the pretty woman fallen off the cliff...? If that were the case...Where was the pretty woman?!

He snapped his head around...and his eyes came to rest on a familiar pair of pale female legs sticking out of the ground, twitching sporadically.

Rock tried to turn, only to find out that whatever was causing the darkness, was pressed tightly against her. It was about then that the concussion from that man healed and her sense of gravity was restored. She quickly took stock of the situation. If the air around her legs was anything to go by, and the fact that she was upside-down, she was stuck underground. Hmmm... the child must be getting worried, best get out of this unusual predicament.

Harry stared at the legs in concern for a couple moments, but when they began twitching, he became relieved that the pretty woman was still alive. Quietly, he went over, wrapped his arm around one of her legs, and began to tug as hard as he could. Since he was a mere child, this was highly ineffective, as the pretty woman didn't budge in the slightest, and Harry's grip on her leg eventually caused him to slip and land on his seat. Harry looked crestfallen, and decided to wait for the pretty woman to get out. He'd probably make her mad with his uselessness anyway...

Rock seized up when she felt the child grab her leg, not realizing that it was just the child. As soon as she felt him pull weakly against her legs though, she figured out what he was doing. Huh... I guess the kid actually cares for me. She knew that he wasn't going to be able to pull her out. Heck, she was getting worried that she herself couldn't out. This was just getting worse and worse.

Harry sighed as Rock began to kick her legs in her attempts to escape. He wished he could do something to help...but he was just a stupid, weak little freak. He sighed as he looked down at the ground.

Rock was frowning deeply. Kicking her legs was proving to be ineffective. What other way was there of getting free? If only her hands were free, she'd be able to push herself out...Hmm...Maybe her feet would prove an adequate substitute...

She grit her teeth and flung her legs down. Finally able to brace her feet, she began to push with everything she had.

Harry grimaced at the sound of the popping vertebrae. It was his fault...The pretty lady had to hurt herself to get out of the ground because he was too weak and useless to help her. He felt tears sting the corners of his eyes, and he wiped them away hurriedly. He couldn't cry...If he cried, she would hit him for sure...But he felt so bad being unable to help her after everything she had done for him... All he could do is watch her struggle...

Son of a... What was this dirt made of? Steel? No matter what she did she just couldn't get out of the dirt. She would have used her gun, but with the proximity of her hand to her head, that would just do more harm than good. Personally, she was just glad that Dead Master and the others weren't there to see this. She shuddered at the thought.

Harry couldn't bear to watch anymore. It made him sad to see the pretty woman struggling to get out all because of him. He closed his eyes and looked away.

A bright light engulfed Rock's legs...and when it disappeared, she wasn't there anymore. Harry looked around in panic. Where had she gone?!

He noticed another flash of light...and the pale woman appeared in midair, before landing in a deep, but thankfully much softer, mud pit, with only her butt sticking out. It was degrading...but she could live with it.

Harry began to panic. Oh no! Not only had he done the freaky stuff, he had also caused the pretty woman to end up in an embarassing predicament! She was going to hit him for sure when she got out of the mud...

What the hell?! She shot up from the mud, gun forming in Mini Gun mode, and began scanning the area for enemies. She saw the boy standing a little ways off, and began walking towards him. Only to slip in the mud, over and over again.

Harry was hyperventilating. She was going to kill him...He had caused it...He could kiss any future hugs goodbye...She hated him now, and wanted him dead...

Rock currently had her head stuck in a rather thick pile of mud, and she actually let out a soft groan, the first sound that had come out of her mouth in ages. This was so degrading...nowhere near as impossible as the dirt, but irritating nonetheless...

Using a trick she had learned in the Other Realm, she shifted her gun to cannon mode, and after a quick prayer to lady luck that the physics here were the same essentially, she pulled the trigger. It worked, a little too well. Turns out that the gravity here was weaker than the Other Realm. She went sailing over Harry's head and landed in a tree.

Rock shook her head dizzily, then wiped the mud from her eyes. She was free...Her body was caked in mud, but she was out. Sighing with relief, she looked around for the child. Was he all right? Had the fall

hurt him? She felt a twinge of worry...but didn't have time to notice it, as she saw the child standing on the ground. She looked down on him...He was breathing rapidly and curling up in the fetal position...

Oh no! She thought that the blast and her unusual disappearing act, whatever that was about, must have terrified the poor thing. She disentangled herself from the tree, and made her way over to the shaking child. She put her annon away, and slowly reached out to the child, frowning when he flinched away. Not to be deterred, she placed her hand on his back and began stroking it soothingly.

Harry let out a small sob at the contact...but realized she wasn't hurting him. He looked up at her in confusion. She was stoic as ever...but there was...concern written on her facial features. She didn't hate him?

With a small whimper, Harry stood...then, he threw his arms around the pale young woman. "I'm sorry...I'm so sorry...It's my fault...I'm sorry..."

What was his fault? What was he talking about. She struggled a bit, trying to speak, but couldn't figure out how to form the words. That's when she realized that it was Harry that got her out of that mess! Now she was even more flustered. She had no idea how to thank him. She hugged him tightly, rocking back and forth. She had to learn to speak again, if only for this child's benefit.

Harry gradually calmed down, and rested his head against the pale woman's chest. He didn't care if she was still somewhat dirty from the mud...He enjoyed her hug regardless. It felt warm, and safe, and he felt like nothing could hurt him. The pretty woman was so nice...She didn't hate him, even after he'd humiliated her. With a soft yawn, he fell asleep in his pretty woman's arms.

She looked down when she heard his breathing relax. Seeing him asleep like that, she realized that she could barely keep her eyes open. Slowly, she nodded off with him in her arms.

An insane laugh broke out. Her eyes snapped open. She knew that laugh. A quick glance around her proved that she was in her mindscape.

"So the little bird decided to fly away from us?" A purple streak of flame appeared in front of her and Insane Black Rock Shooter stepped forward. She scrambled to her feet, backing away quickly.

"Aw... Is little bird scared? Good! But she should probably worry about what I am going to do to that little meat bag when I finally break free."

Rock felt a piercing pain in her gut and looked down to see that she had been impaled on the Cannon Lance. She woke up with a quick gasp.

Rock snapped her head around, and realized she was still in the clearing from the night prior. Nothing had changed, aside from the blue sky and them much brighter area surrounding them.

She looked down at the child sleeping comfortably in her arms. What was that gruesome image she just had? It was bizarre...Her insane side wasn't it's own entity...It was just an extension of her own personality. So why did she see it threatening to kill the little boy?

She shudder, thinking what might happen if she was let lose. 'I would never hurt you, never.' She slowly got to her feet, careful of the child in her arm, and started moving again, deciding to take this time to ponder what had happened yesterday. How had she teleported like that?

Rock froze as she realized she was still somewhat covered in mud. She frowned deeply, not particularly enjoying the mud clinging to her skin and clothes...

She heard the rushing of water nearby, and tilted her head. Water...That was clean, right? Maybe she could clean off in the water.

She quickly located tne source of the running water. A small spring had formed here long ago and had enough water to maintain a river. This would do nicely. She set the child down softly and took her jacket off, getting ready to jump in.

She leapt into the water...but it was shallow, and she ended up getting her lower body stuck in the soft dirt beneath, her upper body still sticking above the water. With a blink and an agitated sigh, she set to work trying to wriggle her lower body free and finally clean herself off.

After a brief struggle, she managed to pull herself free and get to cleaning.

Harry's eyes slowly fluttered open. He felt...warm and snug. Fully opening his eyes, he looked to see a familiar jacket wrapped around his tiny, fragile body. Curious, he looked over to see the pretty woman in a river nearby, cleaning the leftover mud off of her body. He let a small smile grace his features, grateful for the makeshift blanket. Rock looked over when she saw him shift from the corner of her eye, and she frowned when she saw he had gotten a little dirty as well.

Without any hesitation, she picked him up and walked over to the pond. Being sure to stay in the shallow part, she set him in, and began rinsing the dirt off.

Harry flinched when she placed him in the water, expecting it to be either scalding hot or bone-chillingly cold.

It was cool...but not too cold. It felt...nice and soothing. Harry looked up at Rock with a confused look on his face. He hadn't thought people as nice as her were a thing...But he was very glad they were. With a smile, he relaxed and allowed Rock to scrub off the dirt caking his body.

Rock felt a new emotion claw its way through her, horror. She saw so many scars crisscrossing the child's body. What had those zoo

animals done to him? Whoever placed him with those sub-humans, had better have a good reason.

Somewhere in Hogwarts, a certain Headmaster shivered in his sleep.

The pale-skinned young woman wordlessly traced her finger over the child's scars. It was unfair...How could any child have suffered so much? He didn't deserve this. No adult would deserve this, much less a child... Rock suddenly felt a powerful emotion overwhelm her, and she wrapped her arms around the tiny child and held him tightly, practically hiding him from view.

Her vision went blurry and her cheeks felt wet. What was happening to her? She never had these emotions before. She wasn't even human, just some human shade. Now she was crying. Of all the things that had happened the past few days, this was the most human.

Harry looked up at Rock. His eyes widened when he saw the tears streaming down her face.

"M-Miss...Please don't cry..." He said softly. "I'm sorry for whatever I did to make you sad...You can hit me if it'll make you feel better..."

She tried to speak, she truly tried, but all that came out was a sort of sob. She shook her head, holding him closer. Why? Why couldn't she speak? Her insane side could, so why couldn't she? Her shoulders shook as she cried for the first time in her life.

Harry felt tears of his own sting his eyes. He didn't like seeing the pretty woman crying...She was too nice to be sad... He hugged her as hard as he could, wanting to make her better...

Chapter 4

Rock stepped out from the trees of the forest, Harry held close against her chest. She had barely put him down for the past few days, wanting desperately to make him feel wanted.

She looked around when she saw they had come out of the forest. They were now in a small town. Maybe she could scrounge up some good food...

Upon entering the town, she got several strange looks, mainly older women who seemed rather taken aback by her appearance. She realized that she would need new clothes as well. But how was she going to get them?

She saw a nearby building that said "Clothing Store" on a billboard on top of it. That seemed like the place where she would get a shirt...She peeked in through the window, and frowned when she saw a man exchanging a few pieces of green paper in exchange for the clothing. She didn't have any of that paper...

Hmmm... this could be a problem. Time for a bit of stealth and slight of hand. She brushed against into the man as he left, and neatly picked his pockets. she found a square piece of brown leather containing the green paper, and a brown, polished stick. She paused for a moment wondering what to do next, when a hand landed on her shoulder. She quickly looked up to see the red haired man she just stole from.

"Where do you think your going young lady?"

She easily slid from the man's grasp, afraid of capture. The man saw her fear and frowned, "Hey, it's ok. I won't report you. The name's Arthur, Arthur Weasly. What's your name, and who's the kid clinging to you, your son?"

Rock froze at that. Why would he think that? Harry peeked around Rock's leg and the man got a good look at his forehead.

"Blimey!" he grabbed her again, and with a sharp snap, they disappeared.

Rock blinked in confusion as they appeared somewhere else in the town in a flash of light. She looked back and forth. How had that happened...?

Harry flinched. "S-Sorry, Miss Rock...I used the freaky stuff again..."

"...It's okay." Rock's eyes widened, and she brought a hand to her mouth. ...Had she just...spoken?

Harry, for his part, looked around in confusion to see who had talked. He even looked up at the sky to see if it was God.

"...I talked..." Harry snapped his head to look into Rock's eyes. "...Whatever that flash of light was...It must have had some effect on me...I can speak freely..."

It was difficult to tell who was more surprised. Rock looked down at her young charge, and saw that it was he who was speechless.

"Y-you can t-talk?" Harry looked at Rock, unable to process tne fact that words just came out of her mouth. Rock nodded.

"Yes, little one...I can talk..." Then, she realized. She had been caring for this child for days now, and she had no idea what his name was. "...Tell me...your name..."

"Um...I-I'm Harry... But...What's your name, Miss?"

"...I am Black Rock Shooter." Harry smiled at her.

"...Hi, Miss Rock..." He said softly. Rock rubbed his head.

"...Hi, Harry."

"Freeze!" Rock spun around to see a group of men with sticks pointed at her. At the head was a rough looking man with a single eye, and the other eye being replace with some sort of revolving eye. "Step away from the boy, dark witch scum, before we blast you to kingdom come!" Rock's eyes widened briefly before narrowing dangerously.

"I'm not a witch." She said lowly. "And I will not leave Harry. He needs me. Leave, or I will defend us."

The scarred man nodded with grudging respect, "Stunners, full power on my mark. Aim for the chest and head. Execute." A loud chourus of "STUPIFY!" was heard and jets of red light slammed into Rock, forcing her back. She gasped from rhw dizzying effect that passed quickly. "That, was a big mistake." The strangers looked at her in confusion and then panic as she summoned her gun, in cannon form, in her right hand, and her sword in her left. "Stay behind me Harry."

Harry stared at the gun in awe, then shook his head and did as he was told. Rock narrowed her eyes into mere slits at the men in front of her.

"...You won't take him from me. I promised to protect him, and I don't care who I have to kill to do it. You made a big mistake attacking me...You'll be lucky if you survive the first shot." And with that, she pulled the trigger.

Alastor knew something went wrong when the stunners failed to make a mark on her. He quickly used his staff to make a personal shield charm and watched in awe as the girl destroyed his best team. Using a bit of occulmency on the boy, he found that the girl was actually protecting him. Using a quick Sonorus Charm, ne bellowed, "Cease fire, girl! We're on the same side!"

Rock heard the man's words, and reluctantly released the trigger of her weapon. She shot the man a suspicious glance.

"How do I know you're telling the truth?" She said, a violent undertone in her voice.

"Just trust me, and allow me to speak." Rock hesitated, then nodded.

"...Fine."

Alastor dropped the shield charm and looked at tne girl warily. "Young lady, do you have any idea who you have in your possession?" The girl shook her head. "That there is Harry Potter, The Boy Who Lived. Right now, we need to take him back to his aunt and uncle, and detain you for questioning, do you understand?"

Rock stared at the man for a few more seconds. Then she went right back to shooting at him and his followers.

Alastor slammed the butt of his staff into the ground, causing Rock's gun to Vanish. "That's enough girl!" He pulled out his wand and was about to curse Rock, when an old voice called out. "That is enough, Alastor."

Dumbledore had arrived.

Moody turned to the old wizard.

"Albus, this girl is resisting arrest, and attacking our allies! Do you mean to tell me she's in the-" Dumbledore interrupted him by handing him a newspaper article.

"...We should be thanking this girl, Alastor." Dumbledore said somberly. "...Had it not been for her, our saviour may have died." Moody raised a brow, then looked down at the article.

The headline read "Psychotic Fat Man arrested for child abuse".

You must be absolutely mad if you think I am going to trust this girl!" Albus gave Alastor a tired smile, "Then call me a hatter." He turned back to Rock. Madame, is there any assistance we can provide you?"

Rock paused for a moment, before asking, "Are you the one who place Harry at his aunt and uncle's?"

Dumbledore smiled sadly.

"...Guilty as charged..."

Rock stared at the man impassively. Slowly, she approached the old man. Then, without a word, she slapped him right across the face, snapping his head to the side.

Alastor's mouth hung open in shock, stunned by what had just transpired. Dumbledore slowly turned his head back to Rock.

"...Thank you. I deserved that."

Rock turned back to Harry, who was looking fearfully at the men with their sticks. She walked up to him, picked him up, and turned back towards the wizards. "I will not leave Harry. You may try to take him from me, but I will not hold back if you attempt to ambush me again."

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled, and he smiled warmly.

"I wouldn't dream of taking young Harry away from a young woman who cares for him so much. If you wish to raise him, then so be it. I will not prevent it. It's only right that the boy who lived is raised with love and care, after all. Can I trust you to raise him right?"

She raised ner chin and glared defiantly at the old man. "Of course I-
"

"There is no way you can take care of that child on your own!" interrupted Alastor. "You don't even have a place to live!"

Albus turned to Moody, "That has been arranged." He looked at Rock, "You may come with me to Hogwarts, or stay with a close friend of mine.

Rock narrowed her eyes in thought. She didn't think she had met this man's friend...And he seemed like a nice enough human...But...

"...What's a Hogwarts?" Dumbledore chuckled.

"Hogwarts is a school where we teach witchcraft and wizardry, my dear. Magic, if you will."

"B-But...there's no such thing as magic..." Harry said quietly. Dumbledore smiled.

"Oh, but there is, child. And you have the ability to harness this magic."

Rock hesitated, she knew she needed help, and bad. However, she didn't trust this man, much less his 'friend'. There were too many unknown factors in this world and she had no idea what to do.

She gave Dumbledore a stony look. She needed some time to think it through. "...Can I have some time to think about it? ...I don't fully trust you."

Tne old man gave a grandfatherly smile,"Of course, but until then, allow me to let you stay at the Leaky Cauldron. It's an inn located in London."

Rock thought for a moment, before slowly nodding, "If you betray me old man, there is no second chance."

Dumbledore chuckled. "Of course, of course. I'm glad to know that Harry is in such capable hands. Come along, Alastor." Dumbledore turned to leave. The man with the fake eye turned to glare at Rock.

"...I want to make one thing clear, girl. I don't trust you one bit, and if anything happens to Harry, anything at all, my blame will be directed at you."

Rock just stared at the man. He wants to intimidate me, eh? She blinked and shot some flame from her eye, causing the crazy, erm,

crazier man to jump in surprise, before turning and disappearing with a snap. Once they were gone, she noticed that the old one left a boot. It was glowing blue and there was a note that said: "This is a portkey, it will take you to the Leaky Cauldron. Make sure both of you are touching it. Ask for Tom and say that Albus sent you."

Rock wordlessly tucked the note away in the pocket of her shorts.

"...Harry. We have to grab the boot at the same time."

"Um...Okay, Miss Rock..." Harry replied softly, obeying her words. The two grabbed the boot...and then everything seemed to spin...

Chapter 5

Leaky Cauldron, closing time

Tom the Barman was just finishing up the evening cleanup, when he saw the familiar blue glow of a portkey. A few moments later, a teenage girl and a young boy tumbled to the ground. These must be the pair Albus spoke of. He stepped forward to help them up, only to have a very sharp looking katana pointed in his face.

Rock gave the now sweating man a blank stare. "...Albus sent me." She said calmly. "Don't try anything." Tom raised his hands defensively.

"Albus Dumbledore, you mean?"

"...I was sent by an old man with a white beard."

"Erm... That sounds like him. Your room is upstairs, first door on the right." Rock slowly sheathed the blade and nodded at the man. "Thank you."

She looked down at Harry, "Come along Harry." The odd pair slowly walked up the stairs, a bit unbalanced by the portkey. Tom just stood there. Did she say Harry?

The pale skinned young woman led her charge up the stairs, and pulled open the door to the left as she had been informed. She looked in the room to see that it was decently sized, with a comfortable looking bed, a window overlooking the town, and a nice looking fireplace.

She and Harry sat on the large bed. Feeling something in her pocket, she pulled out the red haired man's stick. Deciding to try a little experiment, she pointed the stick outside the window and said, "Stupify!" A large jet of red light shot out and the sheer recoil from the

action forced her back. The two of them stared at the stick, stunned. "That looks useful." She muttered.

Then, she heard an odd sound come from Harry. She looked at him with a frown and tilted her head as he blushed and clutched at his stomach.

"...What's wrong, Harry?" She asked calmly.

"Um...N-Nothing..." He replied softly.

"You can tell me."

"...I'm...I'm hungry..."

Having never felt hunger in her life, Rock was confused. Hmmm... Maybe that Tom person would know what to do. She headed towards the door, only to stop when that same sound that came from Harry, emanated from her stomach. She looked down in alarm. What was that?

She jumped as she heard a knok at the door, "I brought some supper up for you two."

Rock, still trying to process what in the world just happened, approached the door and accepted the tray of food she was offered.

"...Thank you..." She said, still in a daze. She approached Harry, and placed the food on the bed between them. "...What do we do with this stuff, Harry?"

"Ummm... we eat it..." Rock tilted her head. Eating? She remembered when Mato did it, not so much with Miku, but she usually had some sort of pronged utensil. Picking up a four pronged object she looked at it quizzically, before handing it to Harry, a bit embarrassed.

"Er... could you show me how to use this- thing?"

Harry looked at Rock with wide eyes, then took the fork from her. Wordlessly, he speared a carrot from off of his plate, and placed it inside his mouth. "...Try doing it like that..." He said softly. Rock tilted her head and picked up her own fork.

She stabbed at one of the odd orange things, and just looked at it. Hesitantly, she placed it in her mouth, and chewed slowly. Her eyes widened in surprise as she tasted something other than her own blood for the first time. She wasn't sure how she felt about the strange orange object... but she decided it didn't taste bad.

She looked at the rest of the plate and picked around on it, before landing on the small steak. She knew that it would be too large to just stab with the pronged thingy, and looked at her memories of Mato. There should be another utensil, one like a small sword. She cast a critical eye on the tray, before seeing a sharp, serrated object. There, that's the one. She picked it up and cut into the steak, instinctively using the other utensil to hold the piece of meat down.

She felt an immense wave of satisfaction when she cut off a chunk of meat from the steak. She nodded in satisfaction, and placed the meat into her mouth. She looked over to Harry to see that he was having trouble with his meat. Wordlessly, she moved his hand away, took her knife, and began to cut his steak into smaller chunks so that he could eat it.

After finally finishing the meal, Rock decided to put Harry in the bed. Once she was sure he was asleep, she crept into the bathroom. She needed to check something. Pulling out one of the knives, she made a small cut on her thumb, sighing in relief when she saw the familiar spurt of blue followed by immediate healing. She was worried that she was losing her power. However, why were the rest of these changes happening? First it was the emotions, then falling asleep. Now she was feeling hunger. She shook her head in confusion.

She let out a soft yawn, then her eyes widened. What was wrong with her...? She felt a sudden, overwhelming urge to get in the bed with Harry. Wordlessly, she slowly climbed into the bed with the little

boy, turned her back to him, and covered both of them with the blankets. She started to close her eyes...then opened them again when she felt something pressed against her back. Rolling over, she saw that the little boy next to her had subconsciously snuggled up closer to her in his sleep.

She wrapped her arms around him, and fell asleep.

BANG Rock jumped out of bed as the door slammed open and stick wielding men rushed in. All of them wore red cloaks.

Chapter 6

Rock's head snapped up to the men who had intruded upon their hotel room. She saw them brandishing the same sticks the man with the fake eye and his friends had used against her. Her eyes narrowed dangerously...

A toad looking woman stepped forward and gave a little cough. "I am Dolores Umbridge, representative for tne Minister of Magic. You are to hand over the boy immediately, and then surrender and be arrested for treason and resisting arrest. Any resistance today will be met with lethal force." The simpering little woman looked at her as if she were a piece of filth. Rock immediately disliked her.

"I will not give Harry away to the likes of you. The last time your people tried to take him, it ended badly. So I will tell you this once, leave now," she summoned the minigun, "or prepare to die."

Umbridge shook her head, and Rock felt a sting of rage in her heart when she saw a slight smirk on the toad woman's face.

"Very well, then." She said, a smug undertone in her voice. "I'm afraid you leave us no choice." She gestured to her men, and they aimed their wands.

Rock never gave them a chance. Making sure the energy level was non-lethal, she let loose a torrent of low velocity bullets, mowing down aurors as the toad dived for cover. When the last auror hit the ground, she heard a shrill "EXPELLIARMUS!" and the gun was ripped from her hand. She turned to see the toad woman pointing a stick at her. "Seeing as you won't come quietly, I'll just take care of you myself. AVEDA KEDAVRA!" A green jet of light hit Rock in the chest, sending her flying into the wall. She vaugly heard the woman say in a sickly sweet voice, "Come here child. We need to get you away from the evil girl."

Harry's eyes widened in horror as Rock crashed into the wall. He looked up at the ugly toad woman with fear in his eyes.

"N-No...You're wrong...She's NOT evil..." Umbridge's smile widened.

"She's deluded you, dear. Come now, you can live with me. I'll take very good care of-" She didn't get to finish her sentence. Because there was currently a katana lodged in her throat.

Rock left the katana in the ugly human's throat, not wanting to get blood on Harry. As the large body crashed to the ground, she grabbed Harry and pulled him into a tight embrace. She was still shaking from the after effects of that green light and Harry looked like he had seen a ghost. They stayed like that, slowly rocking back and forth.

Harry clutched at his caretaker, as if he were afraid she would disappear if he loosened his grip for even a fraction of a second. Then, the door threw open, and Tom walked in with wide eyes.

"What...how...What on Earth happened?" He asked, baffled by the amount of dead bodies on his floor.

Rock pointed at the fat woman. "She hit me with green light after I knocked out her friends."

Tom's eyes got even bigger, "G-green light? Did she say anything when she cast the spell?"

Rock tilted her head and nodded. "She yelled out 'Aveda Kadavra'." Tom went pale. This girl just survived the Killing Curse! He would have to report this to Dumbledore.

"Just wait here."

Rock had recovered from the curse Umbridge had launched at her, and she took a deep breath and looked down at Harry as Tom left the room.

"Harry...Are you all right?" She said, a surprisingly gentle tone in her voice.

He nodded, trembling. Rock held him tightly with one arm, and pulled out the stick from yesterday. How could such a little piece of wood hold enough power to rip her gun from her hand?

Harry buried his face into the pale woman's chest.

"M-Miss Rock...they wanted to take me away from you...I...I don't wanna be taken away..."

Rock looked down upon her charge. "They won't. I won't let them."

At that moment, Tom and that old man rushed in. Dumbledore looked furious at first, shocked after he saw the groaning aurors, and finally, a look of utter horror came over his face as he beheld the body of Dolores Umbridge. "Wh-what happened here?"

Tom answered for Rock. "Miss Umbridge came in with a bunch of aurors sir. Near as I can tell, after the girl took them out, she was hit with a Killing Curse from Umbridge. And then... well, you can see what happened after that." Albus looked at Rock.

" I am so sorry my dear. If I had known that this was going to happen, I would have boarded you at Hogwarts."

Rock glanced at the old man, then placed a tender hand on Harry's cheek.

"...Will it be safer for us there?"

"Yes, dear girl. If you wish, I can take you there straightaway. The choice is up to you."

Rock thought for a moment. "Let's go. Just one last thing." She forced the gun to disappear, and yanked the sword out of the fat woman's nonexistant throat. "Now I'm ready."

Dumbledore nodded, and lead the way, thinking the entire time, "How did she survive the Killing Curse?"

Rock followed the old man in silence, clutching Harry tightly against her chest all the while.

"...How are we going to get to this school? One of those portkey things?"

"Nothing like that. We will be taking the bus." By that time, they had reached the street. Albus stuck an arm put, and BAM! It took all of Rock's willpower not to blast the purple bus. "After you." Rock took one look at the bus, adjusted her grip on Harry, and made the most nauseating mistake of her life.

Harry and Dumbledore had been fortunate enough to be buckled down securely in a seat before the bus had begun moving.

Rock had been much less lucky...

BANG The bus took off as Rock reached for her seat, sending the hapless warrior sliding down the aisle. After a few bumps to the head, she managed to latch onto a seat and pull herself up. *BANG* The bus stopped, sending forward along the aisles as the bus made one of it's stops. "Hogwarts in five stops!" Yelled the driver. *BANG*

Rock was launched around the bus like a pinball, internally sighing all the while. This was a highly unpleasant experience...

Harry was worried for his caretaker, but he knew she would be okay. She was very strong.

Dumbledore, to his credit, TRIED to stifle his laughter.

By the time the bus finally came to a stop, Rock found herself launched through the front window. She slid facefirst across the dirt outside, furrowing a tunnel and completely burying herself under the dirt.

Rock growled. She was going to destroy that bus! Using her cannon as leverage, she managed to pry herself out of the dirt. Only to find the purple bus bearing down on her at full speed. It veered to the left, and clipped Rock, sending her flying into a shed. Instantly she was on her feet, pointing her cannon at the now missing bus.

Rock scowled when she saw that the bus had vanished, and put her gun away. Harry immediately ran to her side and hugged her leg tightly.

"Miss Rock! Are you okay?!" He asked shrilly. "You're not hurt, right?!"

Sne knelt down to his level, "Trust me, it would take a lot more than that to hurt me." She stood back up and glared at the smiling old man. "Where are we?"

He chuckled, "My dear girl, we are in Hogsmead. Hogwarts isn't far from here."

Rock nodded in affirmation. "All right. Lead the way." Dumbledore did so, whistling a merry tune all the while. Rock followed behind him, clutching tightly to her charge's hand. Eventually, the old man led the two of them to a large castle.

"Welcome to Hogwarts."

Chapter 7

Rock couldn't help it, she was impressed. The only building sne had ever seen this big and intricate, was DM's cathedral. "How... How many students do you have?" she croaked out.

Dumbledore raised a finger to his chin in thought.

"Hmm...Well, if I were to take a wild guess, I would say...about one thousand, give or take..." Rock stared at the castle. It was big enough for at least two thousand...

"So we're going to be staying here for a while, then?" Dumbledore nodded.

"Please make yourselves at home."

When they finally reached the on-campus apartments, Harry was exhausted. Rock found the bed, and tucked him in. After making sure he was asleep, she decided to try some stuff with the 'wand' she had. Going over to the bookshelf, she pulled out one of the 'spellbooks' and began reading.

She read one of the spells out loud, and attempted to cast it. It ended with an explosion engulfing the area she was standing. When the smoke cleared, Rock stood wide-eyed, covered head to toe in soot.

She shook her nead a d glanced at Harry's room. Huh... he must really be out. She turned back to the spellbook, determined to learn the weapon that these wizards and witches use.

Rock found a spell she found worth trying out. "Accio..." She said, waving the wand as the book directed. Nothing happened. The pale young woman blinked in confusion. Then, she read it more thoroughly, and nodded in understanding. "Accio...books." This time it worked...a little too well. Every single book on the shelf near Rock

flew on her. Soon, there was a huge pile of books in the library with a twitching pale female leg sticking out of it.

Rock opened her eyes to see a spellbook open to a new page. "Reducto?" BOOM! The small apartment shook as spell books went one way, and Rock went the other.

The pale young woman slammed facefirst into the wall, squashed flat like a cartoon character with her limbs in a spread-eagle fashion. A few spellbooks slammed into her back.

She hissed in pain. These books were heavy! Enraged, she attempted to use her gun to vaporize the books. Unfortunately, she was still holding the wand. The result, a beam of pure blue energy shot from the tip of the wand and impacted with the books, causing them to go flying again. One particularly large charms book clocked her in the head.

She let out a muffled groan, as the book had knocked her flat on her stomach, leaving her lying facefirst on the ground. Wordlessly, she pulled the book off of her head. She opened it to see another charm. Curious, she cast the "Alarte Ascendare" charm at a nearby mirror. The spell ricocheted off of the mirror, and her eyes widened as it hit her and sent her flying sky-high. She crashed through the ceiling of the building, then fell back down headfirst towards a small hut near school grounds.

The Hogwarts groundskeeper, Rubeus Hagrid, was inside his hut, reading a book. Therefore, he was blissfully unaware of the woman that was about to slam into his pigpen...

SPLAT!

"What in ruddy blazes...?" The half-giant mumbled under his breath as he heard the peculiar noise. He opened his door to see a pair of pale female legs sticking out of the muddy pigpen. "Huh? What's this, then?" Hagrid asked, confused as he approached.

Rock slowly came to, and quickly wished she hadn't. Her nostrils were instantly assaulted by a putrid smell. She couldn't breath! Struggling to escape, she was surprised to feel a large hand grasp her leg, and pull her clean(ish) out. Opening her eyes, she encountered the largest man she had ever seen.

"Are yeh all right?"

Rock blinked. Did he just say something to her?

She looked back to the castle with wide eyes. Harry! She needed to get back to Harry! What if he were to be attacked, and she wasn't there to protect him?! She turned to the large man.

"...Let me go." Hagrid obliged, and released the pale young woman's leg. She fell right back into the brown pile he had just pulled her out of.

Hagrid yelped, and pulled her out, setting her down away from the pile. "Sorry miss!"

Rock shook her head, trying to clear the fog from her mind. What was she doing again?

Then, she remembered. She turned to the giant man. "...I have to go." She said, leaving no room for argument. "...My charge needs me." Hagrid smiled.

"I un'erstan'." He said warmly. "Why don't ya bring the little tyke on down fer tea sometime, eh?"

She nodded and sped of towards tne castle, thinking of tne gentle giant. He seemed...relatively kind. Perhaps he was someone she could trust...

When sne reached the apartment, she saw that Harry was still asleep. She was stunned. That boy could sleep through all of that?

The pale young woman watched her charge sleep. After a few moments, his expression became distressed, and he began tossing and turning in his sleep. Rock suddenly felt an immense urge to hold the little boy close. Wordlessly, she crawled under the covers with him and wrapped her arms around the tiny boy's body, pulling him close against her. Harry's distress gradually ceased, and he eventually snuggled up to his caretaker, resting his little head in the crook of her neck.

A warm feeling burst into her heart. She didn't know what it was, but she felt the corners of her mouth begin to twitch. Before anything could happen though, she yawned and her eyes grew heavy. Slowly, she fell asleep with Harry in her arms.

Chapter 8

Rock opened her eyes to a desert sky. She looked to ner left, and yelped when she saw a large, busted up doll. She jumped to her feet and drew ner sword. Chariot... A loud rumble was heard. Rock had enough time to think, Oh sh*t, when a huge, spider-like tank burst through a wall and slammed into her. She tried to get to her feet, but failed as a burning pain shot up from her leg. She looked down, and saw that one of Chariot's spikes had broken off into her leg. She stared at the red blood leaking out in confusion, before trying to summon her gun. Her flame came to life weakly, before going out. She heard Chariot laugh maniacally, and saw the tank bear down on her. Then- nothing.

Rock snapped awake, shooting up from the bed. She was breathing heavily, before looking around to see that she was back in the bed at Hogwarts. She looked down to see Harry's head rested snugly on her lap, the little boy smiling in his sleep and breathing softly.

She ruffled his hair softly, before her thoughts turned dark. Red blood? That only happened when Mato had taken control. She shook her head. Maybe she would ask about it later...

She watched over the sleeping boy for five more minutes, before there was a knock on the door.

"...Enter..." She called out softly, not wanting to wake the child. The door opened, and Dumbledore walked in, smiling warmly.

"Good morning, Miss Shooter." He said happily. "How would you and Harry like to join me for breakfast in the grand hall?"

She nodded lightly. "We'll be down when he wakes up." She notices that he is staring at the hole in the ceiling. She felt her face heat up. "Sorry. Misfire..."

Dumbledore nodded, "hope to see you there." He strode out the door, deep in thought. That girl is immensely powerful. And Harry seems so attatched to her. I wonder if she would consider adopting him...

Rock spent several more minutes watching over the little boy in her arms. Why did he create such warm feelings in her chest? She didn't understand...but she wasn't complaining. They were very nice feelings...

Suddenly, she felt stirring in her arms. She looked down to see Harry's huge green eyes slowly opening.

She rubbed the child's hair softly, before asking, "Harry, the old wizard asked if we would like to join them for breakfast. Would that be ok?"

The child nodded his assent and Rock stood up, carrying him as if he were nothing. She made her way down to the Great Hall, having memorized a map of the school. Upon entering the Great Hall, she almost gasped in amazement. This place was huge, even bigger than Dead Master's dining room!

Harry was just as awed as his caretaker was.

"It...It's so big..." He said softly.

"Yes...It is..." Rock nodded her assent, running her fingers through her charge's hair.

"Ah, you've arrived!" The duo turned to see that Dumbledore was smiling warmly over at them from one of the large tables. "Well don't be shy now, come on and have something to eat."

Rock noticed Harry's discomfort right away. She delved into his mind for a moment, and saw that he was worried about eating the food. Hmmm... Time for a new tactic. She slowly led Harry to his seat and helped him up. She sat down in the spot next to him and tried to

coax him to eat. When that didn't work, she thought for a moment, and picked up a spoon. She then proceeded to attempt to use it as a fork, attempting to pick up various food items while putting on a confused face.

Dumbledore chuckled in amusement at her behaviour. Rock gave him an annoyed glance.

"I don't find this very funny." She said in agitation. Dumbledore smiled.

"It's a spoon, dear. You use it like this." He demonstrated how to use a spoon by scooping up a pile of carrots and shoveling it into his mouth.

"I know how to use a spoon!" she snapped before lowering her voice. "If you have a better idea on how to get Harry to eat, by all means, show me how." She glanced at Harry, who was presently confused at the current proceedings.

"M-miss Rock? If you know how to use a spoon, then why were you trying to poke things with it?" Dumbledore chuckled, while Rock deadpanned, unable to find a reasonable excuse.

The pale woman sighed, deciding to ignore the question, then placed her hand on the child's shoulder.

"Harry...Why aren't you eating?"

"I...I don't think I'm allowed to eat this much food..."

"...Who told you that?"

"M-My uncle..."

"Harry, your uncle is not in charge of you any more. I'm the one who's taking care of you now. And I say that you can eat as much as you want. Please, at least eat your...um... White and yellow things..."

"His eggs." Dumbledore corrected.

"Right. Your eggs."

Harry's eyes widened as he realized that she was telling the truth. "But what if Uncl-"

"Harry,your uncle will never harm you again, so long as I am able to draw breath." Rock looked pointedly at the yellow and white blob on his plate. "Now, are you going to eat your er... eggs, or am I going to have to feed you?"

Harry flinched at her tone, and her gaze softned. She let out a sigh, and held the child close.

"Sorry, Harry...I didn't mean to get annoyed with you...But you have to let go of the past. I promise that your uncle won't harm you. I'll protect you with everything I have. Now please...eat, okay?"

Harry nodded slowly, and began eating his breakfast. Rock, still not used to actually eating, opted instead for a coffee and a bagel. The two of them ate in silence, one due to principle, and the other due to the fact that they were currently inhaling eggs.

Dumbledore chuckled lightly before turning to Rock. "Miss Shooter, I have noticed that you and Harry share a powerful bond. Seeing as his aunt and uncle were unable to care for him, I was wondering if you would like to become Harry's legal guardian."

Rock looked at him, head tilted in confusion.

"Am I not already?" Dumbledore shook his head.

"No, dear. You're caring for him, and doing a wonderful job, but you are not his legal guardian."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you must adopt him."

"A...dopt him?"

"Indeed. If a child has no one to care for them, somebody else can step in and take them into their homes, becoming their father or mother in the process."

She was quiet for a moment, well quieter than usual. 'Mother? Like the one who took care of Mato? Would Harry accept me in that role?' She looked up at Dumbledore, uncharacteristically hesitant. "How would I go about 'adopting' him? I am not a human, so I highly doubt that your government would allow me to adopt a child."

Dumbledore blinked and tilted his head.

"Oh? Not human, you say? Well, you certainly could have fooled me, dear. You may look like you need to take a nice, long vacation to the beach, but you look just like a normal human being. I'm sure there would be no trouble adopting the child. All you would have to do is explain why you are qualified, and sign a few sheets of paper, and he will be your adopted son from then on."

Dumbledore looked as if he were about to continue, but Rock stood up abruptly, eye sparking dangerously. "You will take me to a place that will allow me to adopt Harry." Dumbledore nodded, seemingly unfazed by her eye.

"Of course my dear, but first we must eat." He gestured toward the table, and Rock slowly sat down, her sparking eye fizzing out.

Rock thought about what Dumbledore had said. She would legally be Harry's mother...Was she really ready for such a role? The woman looked over to her charge, and felt a warmth in her heart when he looked back at her and smiled slightly. Rock ruffled his hair, then decided that she would go through with the adoption, but she would wait until he called her his mother before fully accepting the role.